TRAGEDY AT THE END OF A NAVAL OFFICER'S ADVENTURE.

no Result of a Midsight Watch is a Mausted House at Chemilpo Was the Capture of a Ghost A Swede's Fats, WASHINGTON, Dec. 15 .- A Lieutenant in the navy has a story to tell of an adventure that befell him, just before the declaration of war between China and Japan, at the seaport town of

amouse in a garret, for he's a mile and a half away by this time."

"The others, after some awaring at the inamouse in a garret, for he's a mile and a half away by this time."

"The others, after some awearing at the interruption of the geme, returned to the table, solvising Ross to leave whiskey alone for the remainder of the evening. But before renuming play several of us made a tour of the house and found everything as it was before the interruption. Ross was evidently not astisfied at the result of the investigation, and certainly had a strong belief in his own eyesight, for he did take another drink immediately.

"It was a horrible facely said he. The cheeks were sunk in, the eyes had the glare of a brute's, but the brow was wrinkled into a fearful frown, and the mouth scowled a menace. It was an unhealthful sight. But I imagine I scared him a little."

Wasmington, Deep 13—A therement in the savey has a story to fell of an adventure that be far think, paid before the declaration of was been declared to the savey of the save of the save

MAN AS FOUND IN EUROPE.

HIS MANNERS FULL OF SURPRISES FOR AMERICAN GIRLS.

Peculiar Ideas of Etiquette-The America Man's Virtues Burnished by Foreign Ex-periences American Girls the Prettiest, Pants, Dec. 4.-If Paris were a sponge and one ould squeeze it, there would be a small Niagara of Americans. In other words, the place is full of them. They have honeycombed the quarter about the Champs Elysées, and have secured controlling interest in half the salons of the neighborhood. In Paris every drawing room or parlor, no matter how microscopic, is dignified by the title of salon. Apropos of this, Mathilde Blind, who is one of the 30,000 poets who, according to Sir Edwin Arneld, live and poetize in England, spent some time in a Paris pension with a particularly small salon. Miss Blind, who evidently needs epic surroundings, looked sadly about her when she was first intro-

duced to the salon. "Is this the only one you have?" she asked.

" Yes." "It does not inspire me," said Mathilde, To be sure, the pension salon is not often in-spiring, but the American woman rises above a thing of that sort. She most loves to talk, and, bless her clever tongue, her piquancy is like a flash of sunlight after the leaden conversational atmosphere of the average Englishwoman. English girls, as a rule, seem to think that the whole duty of woman, so far as conversation is concerned, consists in emitting an oc-casional "Facey!" or "Really!" This is all right for purposes of punctuation only, but, like Miss Blind's salon, it is not inspiring.

Whenever two or three tourists are gathered together there is sure to be an experience meeting; and in an experience meeting of American women in Paris the conversation always gravitates to one subject—the American man. Every American man ought to pinch and scrape and save, if necessary, to send the women of his family abroad. Oh, the pedestals that are set up in these same salons! Always with the American man on top of them! And oh! the conversational incense which is nightly burned

For instance, the other evening in a small ho el in the Rue de Bassano half a dozen American girls and women met after dinner and the ollowing conversation occurred:

"How do you like Paris?" "Oh, immensely!"

"I like it, too, only mother won't let me walk two blocks alone. She isn't strong enough to go out very often, and the consequence is that I stay at home most of the time and conjugate French verbs."

Why can't you go out alone?" "Because I did go out one day and I stopped to look into a window and a man spoke to me. It was French, and of course I couldn't understand what he said, but mother's afraid the next one might speak English. It would be just my luck, too. You must never look in windows!" "Oh, but I do! It's more fun than anything

"Stay at home and conjugate French verbs." "Why do you do that? "It's what everybody does when they stay at

else in Paris! What else can I do?"

ome. It's the proper thing." "Well, I won't do it. I'll go to Germany and

stay there.' "Oh, will you? We're going, too. Mother doesn't get enough towels here and we can't keep warm and we are up four flights of stairs with nothing but the name of an elevator to

"What do you mean?"

"Why, they have ground glass windows on every landing with the word 'Ascenseur' in big capitals. They point it out proudly to every newcomer and announce that there is to be an elevator back of the capitals. 'At once, tout de suita. Oh, oui, Madame!' It's a great attraction, that word on the windows. The letters are a trifle high or I think I should have got Yvette Guilbert to come up and practice on it. They say she can kick pretty high. You've no idea ow irritating that sign gets to be after three flights. We think of going back to Dresden."
"How did you like Dresden?"

"How did you like Dresden?"

"Pretty well. One has so many novel sensations in Germany. For instance, the men always help themselves first at the table and the women take what is left. At our pension the German next to me used to help himself regularly, and then say to me, 'Oh I beg your pardon! I forgot that you are an American.' Then he would pass the trings to me. One day at the table an American girl told a little story about a friend of hers who had married a German of-ficer. They went to the opera one evening, and at the close found that it was raining. They stopped in the foyer to get their wraps, and the

Americana, but there is a smattering of French. It must be that there are stylish English women somewhere, but Judging from the consensus of opinion obtained from numerous American tourists, they are exceeding rare. They are probably kept in glass cases, or something of that sort. Of course, that is wise, because it would be really too bed if the species died out altogether. But it seems as if there ought to be a spring and autumn exhibition, or something of that sort. Or there might be an annual parade. It would doubtless attract more people than anything else England has to show, and then it would be such a very nice thing for the women themselves if they could get out once or twice a year and see the world.

Of course, not being sure that these rare specimens are actually preserved in this way, one is constatly on the fookout for them, or at least for Just one of them. One conjures them to appear in all sorts of places, but they are as hard to summon as was Baal of old. Perchance, like him, they are sleeping, or have gone on a visit. Or perhaps they have all died and been canonized in "The Duchesses" novels. At all events, there is one reason why we should be thankful that so few of the present generation seem likely to be canonized as beauties; it would be so difficult to wear a halo and a Bath bun at the same time.

As for the French women, well, that is a different story. In fact, it is a good many different story. In fact, it is a good many different story. In fact, it is a good many different story. In fact, it is a good many different story. In fact, it is a good many different story. In fact, it is a good many different story are seen at Cambon's, and that is, they have bed table manners. An English women exem pretty much of the same type, the French women as they are seen at Cambon's, and that is, they have bed table manners. An English woman cannot contrive to look chie, but she can cat a soft-boiled eag out of the shell with a delicacy of touch which a French woman reserves for her chiffons and cow

ONE USE FOR CRICKETS.

Their Voracity of Service in Clearing Kitchen of Cockroaches.

"I wish the crickets would stay about the house all winter, just as they do in the sum-mer!" exclaimed the observant Jerseyman's wife the other day. Why? Do you enjoy their singing so much?

"No, it is not that, although I do like to hear them chirp. The particular reason that makes me wish they were still here, is that the cock-roaches are beginning to appear again about the

kitchen. A big one just ran across the floor, and you know I would rather die than touch one of the nasty things. They seem to know it, too, for last winter there were several great big ones which took possession of corners where there were covers for them, and would dart out

there were covers for them, and would dart out at me almost every time I went near them. When we moved the kitchen into the basement they all came down here.

"When the summer began the crickets came in. Besides being pleasant companions, in a very little time they seemed to have eaten up every cockroach and croton bug, and I didn't see one of them again until just a few days ago."

Crickets are noted among entomologists for their voracity and pugnacity. In some parts of the world they do much damage to grass landa, and children are employed to catch and kill them. These crickets live in burrows in the ground among the grass. The burrows are six or eight inches deep. The children have merely to stick a bit of stiff grass down in the burrow. If there is a cricket in the hole he will resent this intrusion upon his privacy, seize the end of the grass in his mandibles, and hang on so persistently that he can be drawn entirely out of the burrow and killed before he will let go.

QUEER NO-MAN'S-LAND.

Only One Trial for Crime There, and That Cost the Government Nearly \$200,000, From the Chicago Record.
TOPERA, Kan., Dec. 9.—The effort that is be-

ing made to force a retrial of the six men con-victed of the famous Haymeadows massacre, just over the Kansas line, in what was then No-Man's-Land, and which is now a county of the Territory of Oklahoma, will renew the fight made at the first trial in Paris, Tex., as to the jurisdiction of the courts over this tract of land, which for years was marked upon the map as a district over which there was no law and which no Government had the power to reach. Crimes were committed there with impunity and there was no method known to the le gal fraternity by which they could be nunished. When Sheriff Cross and posse of Stevens county, Kan, were stood up in a line at the stacks in the Haymeadows and murdered in cold blood, the perpetrators of the crime were arrested by the Federal authorities, and, after attempting to bring them to trial in the United States District Court of Kansas, they were finally taken to Paris, the Judge of the northern district of Texas assuming that he had jurisdiction over the unowned territory. Six men were convicted of murder and sentenced to death, but they were persons of more than ordinary influence and they appealed to the Supreme Court. There the judgment of the lower court was reversed and their necks saved. Then they were released on their own recognizance, with the understanding that they would never again be brought gal fraternity by which they could be punished.

And the state of t

RAMAPO'S MOUNTAINEERS.

SOME OF THEM HAVE NEVER SEEN A ROAD OR A SCHOOLHOUSE.

Trip with the Tax Collector of Robokus Township, N. J.-The Wild Mountain Region Where the Jackson Whites Live Ecvolutionary Episodes Recalled, Garret Valentine, tax collector of Hobokus township, N. J., is a man with genius for his duties, and this is the reason his neighbors per-sist in retaining him in the office year after year in violation of all rules of rotation. Hohokus is the largest township in Bergen county, and one of the largest in New Jersey. It includes the villages of Allendale, Ramseys, and Mahwah on the Eric Railway; the great mountainside farm of Theodore A. Havemeyer, and

that of his neighbor, A. B. Darling. When Garry-everybody calls him Garry-has completed the delivery of tax bills to constituents n the more populous portion of the township, he devotes one day to distributing similar favors to the mountaineers, to make sure the proverb that "nothing is surer than taxes and death." It was to accompany the titheman on this mission that William M. Johnson, a Hackensack lawver and a Sun reporter, met him at Oakland, noted as the home of Swearing Jim" Van Blarcom. The collector's lively Deucation more was making an excellent pace toward the hills when he pulled her up suddenly and exclaimed;

"I do believe that's Mary Post coming down the road, and I've got a bill for her."

Mrs. Post was a tall and muscular woman,

plainly but comfortably clad, with traces of early beauty on her weather-beaten face. She is a war widow receiving a pension, and is housekeeper for Gen, Frank Price, son of the late ex-Gov. Rodman M. Price. Having paid fifty cents tax for the privilege of keeping a dog, she said: "Well, I must get down to Oakland, for I hear John Ziek's to be tried. He deserted his wife and then came back and sold the cow, and she was throwed on the town, and the poormaster nabbed him. If he was my husband I'd hang him."

"Yes, and she would, too," remarked the collector, as he drove on. A quarter of a mile further another halt was made in answer to a hearty bail:

"How d'do, Garry. I s'pose you're out collectin'? Well, you stop at the house; if she ain't home you'll find her over at Simm's in the swamp, understand? And don't leave without the money. I'm only an outsider, you understand. Ha, ha! She's the financer of the house. Ha-ha! Good-by, Garry! Git up, Jim."

"That's John Frazier," explained the collector. "He's a peddler who owns a little piece of land right in Havemeyer's estate. He wanted four or five times its value and the sugar man wouldn't offer him more than twice what it's worth, so he keeps it."

wouldn't offer him more than twice what it's worth, so he keeps it."

A mile further on the road to the mountain led off from the house of ex-Judge Aaron G. Garrison, "the poet of the Ramapo," who sings the praises of nature and his neurbors in graceful rhymes indited in copper-plate penmanship. The Judge's stalwart son Peter waved a tall white hat from the barnyard, shouting:

"This is my weddin' hat, gentlemen. I think you'll find the Judge over the river. He's got a visit from Andrew Snyder, and they're talkin' over old times."

The Judge and his guest were met on the bridge, endeavoring to decide whether a pair of talons they had taken from a dead bird found in the woods belonged to a hawk or an eagle. The poet was gray with years and ripe in wisdom, and having exchanged pleasantries with the collector in Jersey Dutch dislect, the party separated, the collector beginning the ascent and continuing until he reached the Widow Scindle's, where the road became rough and steep.

"Here wo'll have to dump and hoof it," he said. His son started homeward with the rig, and the mountain journey was begun on foot.

The stony road wound upward in serpentine course along the roughs doe of one of the many cones forming the rugged Ramapo range, leading by a turn of a few hundred feet from the broad panorama of farm-dotted valley, bordered by the switt-flowing river, to a wild forest scene, whose sombreness was relieved only by the bright noonday sunlight flooding the heavily brushed ravines. After climbing about a mile, the collector delivered one tax bill; and then, pointing across a bogy depression to a dwelling indistinctly visible on an opposite slope, said:

"See that house over ther? Well, that's the way we go. Gen. Price and Mrs. Post live there

then pointing across a boggy depression to a dwelling indistinctly visible on an opposite slope, said:

"See that house over there? Well, that's the way we go. Gen. Price and Mrs. Post live there. Here we leave the Wynockie road and take the mountain trail."

And that was the last glimpse of a civilized road seen during the next five hours. The course to the house of Gen. Price was almost a half circle, with an intervening quagmire that threatened to swallow the unwary and linexperienced, but the collector threaded the dangerous way with ease, made a short cut across a bog to the General's house, and was greeted with the snave courtesy that was so marked a characteristic of the ex-tiovernor, and is strongly reproduced in the son. Gen. Price is a veteran of the civil war, in which he won his star by bravery on the field, and he is among the men homestly entitled to the pension they receive, having been so seriously wounded as to be incapacited for work. His present home, where he has resided since the war, is a plain two-story structure in the wild wood, free from paint and architectural adornment. Around it the mountain peaks to wer hundreds of feet, with here and there are bold and bare promontories suggestive of Charles Egbert Craddock's "Old Baldy."

they must pick their way through the troes and over stones where you would think it almost impossible to lead a mule. Some to sepole live and die here without seeing a real road or a school; but they pay tax for both, and road or a school; but they pay tax for both, and the meabout it. Pve been coming through the tis almost imposible to lead a mule. Some to collect for eight years and they always treat me about it. Pve been coming through the me about it. Pve been coming through t

rocky bed down to the swamp. 200 feet below.
Mr. Valentine was unable to give the story of
this interesting and beautiful spot, so far from
the world, yet so suggestive of comforbibe life
at some remote period. After a difficult passage of the water-scaked plateau, on which the
trail was lost, a mountain wood road was discovered. It was originally a cordurey coad, but
time had covered it with a deep layer of soil,
which was in many piaces washed off by spring
attreams diverted from their beds to be heavy
atterms. This road, leading northwest, had a
gentle downward grade, but was difficult to
travel owing to the breaks caused by the water,
making necessary tedious detours through the
underbrush.

As the road wound downward the towering
peaks obscured the early afternoon sun, casting
a shadow over the dense landscape. Save the
whir of partridge and pheasant, the brown of
brook, or the sound of the voice the members of the pairty there was nothing to break
the oppressive stillness. The act the members of the pairty there was nothing to break
the oppressive stillness. The sleet of legendary love that had made the tramp
so light; the lawyer and the reporter fell
behind and exchangerd confident as so the situation, and then called a hait the distance between laxpayers was such and the distance between laxpayers was such made it impossible for this to dispose or nightfull unless he
found than waiting for him at some trysting
tree. The collector smiled. He said:

"We'll come out all right," and then told the
story of the three Wy bie children, who were lost
in the adjoining range of Wynocke Mountains
years ago. They were found dead, after several
days' search, partly devoured by birds and
beasts. The gloom deepened as the road desended and the mountains drew in almost to a
gorger, the road became slogy, the air chilly,
and the silence awesome. Not a habitation or a
footprint had been seen for nearly two hems,
end, except the old conducy road, there was no
evidence of man having ever trod the gloom
w

"You might meet a khost or a hobgoblin down in that hollow we came through, or a wildcat might lay for you."

"Nope. We don't have none of them specifithings, and the catamounts don't come this side of Cave Hill. We kin hear 'em yowlin' in the nights, and my brother Bill he shot one onct: but they don't come over where the dogs is."

From 'Manuel De Groat's to John R. De Groat's the distance was brief, but the trail as rough as any passed over. John R. was a pleasant and intelligent copper-colored man of about 60, with three houses and as many barns in his "settlement." Everything about the place betokened thrift and tidiness. Women and children were comfortably and neatly clad, and the interior of the dwellings bespoke the presence of a tidy housewife. Mr. De Groat was a Republican in politics, and in his conversation showed considerable familiarity with the situation. Samuel De Groat, the next visited, was not at home, but his wife scanned the tax bill sharply and said:

"How's this, Garry? Last year our tax was \$1.67. This year it's \$2.17. I won't pay that till I see my man, Garry; nosiree."

"Well, you see, Mrs. De Groat the school tax and the road tax is raised a little. You know I have to give the figures as they fix 'em. It ain't much more, Mrs. De Groat."

"But it's more, Garry, and I won't pay it yet. What good's schools and roads to us in the

and the road tax is raised a little. You know I have to give the figures as they fix 'em. It ain't much more, Mrs. De Groat.

"But it's more, Garry, and I won't pay it yet. What good's schools and roads to us in the mountains? Our young ones can't go to no school, and there hain't a road you can drive within three miles. I'll see my man about it."

About an eighth of a mile further was the home of Aunt Abby De Groat. Collector Valentine handed the tax bill to a three-year-old tot, the only human being visible, and then hurried on, as the sun was sinking and it was necessary to get out of the mountain before darkness came down. As he proceeded, the collector said:

"Aunt Abby is an illustration of our tax system. She owns 101 acres, on which she is assessed \$1.5, of which \$6 is for road tax. You've seen the kind of roads they have here in the mountains—in many places not even a trail. If they use a horse and vehicle they must pick their way through the troes and over stones where you would think it almost impossible to lead a mule. Some people live and die here without seeing a real road or a school; but they pay tax for both, and it's to their credit that they never quarrel with me about it. I've been coming through here to collect for eight years and they always treat me decently."

The collector stopped speaking as two vicious



KNOWLEDGE

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GOLD DIGGING AT CAPE HORN, Information for a Man Who Has Thoughts of Trying Hin Luck at It.

Charles Miller of Petersburg, Ashley county, Ark., writes to THE SUN for further information about the Cape Horn gold diggings, of which a description was published. His questions are: What arrangement, if any, must be made with the sovernment of the country in which a man would What arrangement, if any, must be made with the Government of the country in which a man would prospect?

How much money ought a man to have to buy an outfit after he arrives in Punta Arenas?

Can a man get second-class passage on the steamers to Punta Arenas?

If a man failed in the diggings could be obtain any kind of work at which he could earn his passage back home?

Is a knowledge of the Spanish language a necessity?

Part of the diggings lie in Chilian territory, but the best now known are in Argentina. The deposits on New Years Island, off the north shore of Staten Island, and those in Sloggett Bay, on the south shore of Tierra del Fuego, have the most gold, but they are also the most dangerous to work. No arrangement need be made with the Government for working the placers in either locality, unless the miner wishes to go at it with large capital and take up claims for permanent occupation. In this case he must begin by staking his claims as he would do in the United States, and then he must go to Buenos Ayres and hire a lawyer to tell him what to do next. An entire page of THE SUN would not contain the laws of Argentina on the subject of mines. But the man with shovel, pick, pan, and number for a single sluice box need not bother with that,

for a single sluice box need not bother with that.

He can work the sand all he pleases and no one
will bother him in either locality mentioned, or
anywhere in the Cape Horn region, for that
matter. Claim jumping is almost unknown in
that region, and as for Sloggett Bay and New
Years Island, there was no one in Punta Arenas
when The Sun's correspondent was there venturesome enough to try them any more.

One man could buy a sufficient outfit in Punta
Arenas for \$250, gold, but two men with \$200
each would get a better outfit and have three
times as many chances of success. One man,
even though an experienced saller of small boats,
could scarcely manage a sloop in the tumble of
water he must cross in that region. The percentage of prospecting outfits lost among the
Cape Horn groups is something frightful, even
though they be manned by men accustomed to
the work. No man should venture there alone.
One may travel second class in some of the
steamers going to Funta Arenas, and all the
steamers take steerage passengers.

If a man failed in the diggings (as most of
them do), and succeeded in returning to Punta
Arenas, he could readily get work on a sheep
ranch if he knew how to ride a horse. He would
probably get work at something in any event,
Wages on a ranch run from £2 to £5 a month
according to the ability of the man. He gets
his food and lodging in addition.

A knowledge of the Spanish language is not
absolutely necessary.

according to the ability of the man. He gets his food and lodging in addition.

A knowledge of the Spanish language is not absolutely necessary.

September is the worst month in the year at Cape Horn. If one leaves New York in that month he will have a-plenty of time before him after he arrives there for preparing to face another September.

Mr. Miller adds to his questions the statement that he is 48 years of age, and says that, although The Sun said the Cape Horn diggings were not suitable for any but young men, he thinks that what he lacks in youth he ran more than make up by his experience. He says, further, that he is married and has a large lamily, but cotton growing, in which he has been for ten years engaged, does not pay, and that he must change his occupation to support his family. He would like to know what The Sun thinks about his wish to seek for gold at Cape Hora under such circumstances.

To this it must be said that youth is not always a matter of years. At 48 many men who live correct lives are clastic in muscle, cheerful and hopeful in disposition, and quickly recover from the weariness and depression of overexertion and prolonged exposure to hard usage. They are, in short, young. Their experience is likely to be of very great advantage to them. Mr. Miller may be physically youthful and mentally mature, but of all the readers of The Sun we should think him to be about the last who ought to go prospecting at Cape Horn. No wider leap than that from the sunny cotton fields of Arkansas to the lay quarter deek of a thirty-foot sloop in a Cape Horn williwaw can well be imagined, nor is there any combination of words that will adequately portray to Mr. Miller the condition in which he would find himself after he reached the williwaw. One has to see the waters of a stormy see caught up in a whirthing, smoking column 500 feet high to appreciate the danger of the cockle shell that lies in its path. The sloops of the prospectors do live through these dangers but no experience on shore—uot even experience



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